

**'Punch'**  
VOLUMES  
Now Ready

**THE HALF-YEARLY  
VOLUME,**

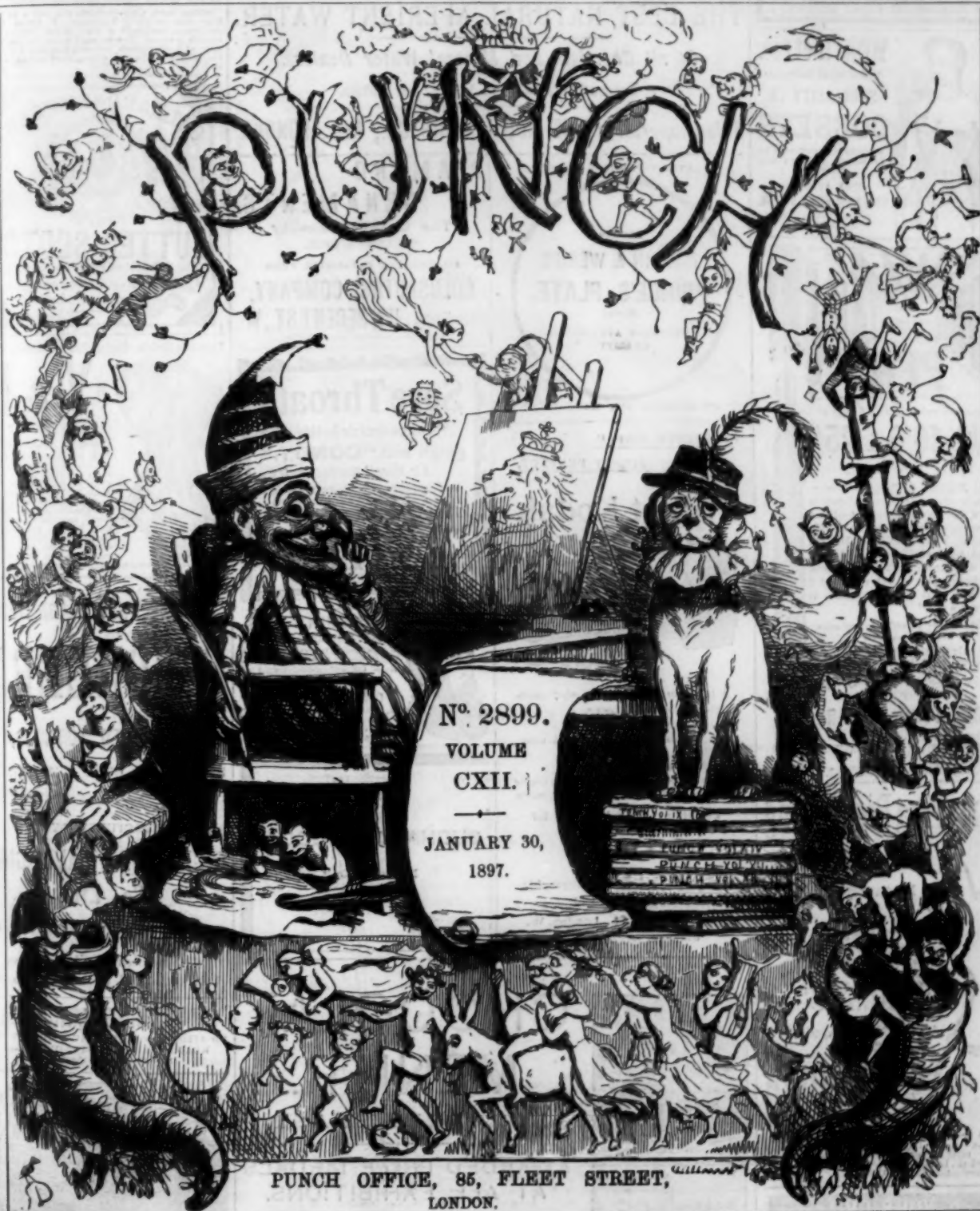
containing the numbers from July to December, 1896, in maroon cloth, gilt edges, price 8s. 6d.

**THE YEARLY  
VOLUME,**

containing all the numbers for 1896, in blue cloth, gilt edges, price 17s.

**THE DOUBLE-YEARLY  
VOLUME,**

in the Library Series, containing the numbers for 1895 and 1896, strongly half-bound in leather, gilt edges, price 21s.



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

PRICE THREE PENCE.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

**CADBURY'S COCOA**

"Represents the Standard of highest purity at present attainable in Cocoa."—THE LANCET.

**HOWARD BEDFORD.**  
Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators,  
Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Straw  
Trussers, Mowers, Hay Presses,  
Oil Engines, & Light Railways.



**WORTH et Cie.**  
(Under Royal Patronage)  
**SPECIALITY IN CORSETS**  
A separate department for  
Gentlemen for every class  
of Corset.  
ONLY ADDRESS:  
134, NEW BOND ST., W.  
No connection with  
Worth of Paris.



Manufactured in THREE sizes at  
**10/6, 16/6 & 25/-**  
EACH, POST FREE.

MR. JOSEPH PENNELL writes:—  
"I have often felt that a Fountain  
Pen would be a perfect tool for  
the pen-draftsman, if it could only  
be made. YOU HAVE MADE IT.  
I have tried various pens of your  
make now for a month or more, and  
no ordinary pen of any sort that I  
have ever tried even approaches it  
for artist's use."

A Pen as nearly perfect as inventive  
skill can produce.

We only require your steel pen and  
handwriting to select a suitable pen.

Complete Illustrated Catalogue sent post  
free on application.

**MABIE, TODD, & BARD,**  
93, Chancery Lane, E.C.,  
26a, Regent Street, W., or } LONDON.  
21, Kensington High St., W.,  
8, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER.

**Torturing Disfiguring  
SKIN DISEASES**

Instantly Relieved  
by  
**A WARM BATH**  
with  
**CUTICURA SOAP**  
And a Single Applica-  
tion of  
**CUTICURA**  
The Great Skin Cure

Sold throughout the world, and especially by  
English and American chemists in all the principal  
cities. British depot: F. Newnham & Sons, 1, King  
Edward-st., London. Foreign Depot: Cass, Cass,  
Sole Proprietors, Boston, U.S.A.

**FEED YOUR CHILDREN  
ON  
DR. RIDGE'S  
PATENT COOKED FOOD.**

**"APENTA"**  
THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

Of all Chemists and Mineral Water Dealers.

Prices: 6d., 1s., and 1s. 3d. per bottle.

Sole Importers: THE APOLLINARIS CO., LTD., LONDON.

"HEAVIEST POSSIBLE PLATING."



"UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR."

PERFECTLY SIMPLE.

SIMPLY PERFECT.

The  
**Pocket Kodak**



A dainty little camera, weighing only 7 ounces.  
Can be slipped into the pocket.  
Makes pictures 1 1/2 x 2 inches.  
Loaded in daylight—no dark room  
necessary.

Achromatic lens, with three stops.  
Improved rotary shutter always set for time or  
instantaneous exposures. View finder. Counter.

Complete with roll of film for  
12 exposures,  
**£1 1s.**

**EASTMAN Photographic  
Materials Co. Ltd.**

115-117 Oxford St., London, W.

Write for descriptive pamphlet, post free.

**DIAMOND  
ORNAMENTS.**  
The Choicest Quality  
in the World.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

**COLD SMITHS' COMPANY,**

Show Rooms: 112, REGENT ST., W.  
(ADJOINING STEREOGRAPHIC COMPANY.)

**Sore Throats**

"You cannot do better than  
gargle with **"CONDY."**

By Morell Mackenzie, M.D.

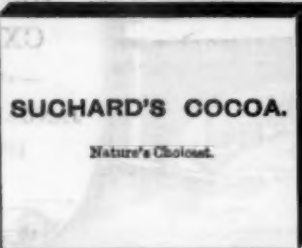
(Consulting Physician to the late  
Emperor of Germany.)

Gargle with **CONDY'S  
Remedial FLUID.**



**GENTLEMEN'S WIGS.**  
Perfect Imitations of Nature.  
Weightless, no wiggy appearance.  
Unshrinkable Material. Instruc-  
tions for self-measurement on  
application.

**CHAS. BOND & SON,**  
43, NEW BOND STREET, W.  
Specialists also for Ladies'  
Wigs and Hairpieces.  
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.



**SUCHARD'S COCOA.**

Nature's Choicest.

**CHOCOLAT  
MENIER.**

FOR BREAKFAST.

AWARDED PRIZE MEDALS  
AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

DAILY CONSUMPTION, 50 TONS.

SOLD RETAIL EVERYWHERE.



**ORIENT COMPANY'S YACHTING  
CRUISES** by the steamships GARDNER, 2,500  
tons register, and LUSITANIA, 2,507 tons register,  
from London as under:—  
For MOROCCO, SICILY, PALESTINE, and EGYPT,  
leaving February 17, returning April 15.  
For SOUTH OF SPAIN, GREECE, CONSTANTINOPLE, &c., leaving March 24, returning May 7.  
For PORTUGAL, MOROCCO, CORSICA, ITALY, and  
SICILY, leaving April 21, returning May 29.  
String band, electric light, hot and cold baths,  
high-class cuisine. Managers: F. Green & Co.,  
Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Office, Fin-  
church Avenue. For passage apply to the latter  
firm, at 4, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to  
the West-End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street,  
S.W.



Exquisite Models. Perfect Fit. Guaranteed Wear.



**THE Y & N**  
PATENT DIAGONAL  
SEAM CORSETS.

Will not split in the seams  
nor tear in the fabric. "The  
most comfortable corset  
ever made." LADY'S FIC.  
Made in White, Black, and  
all the fashionable Colors  
and Shades, or Italian Cloth,  
Satin, and Cord, 4 1/2, 5 1/2,  
6 1/2, 7 1/2 per pair, and up-  
wards. Sold by all the Principal  
Drapers and Ladies'  
Outfitters in the United  
Kingdom and colonies.

THREE GOLD MEDALS.

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED

**"PIONEER"**

SWEETENED TOBACCO,

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

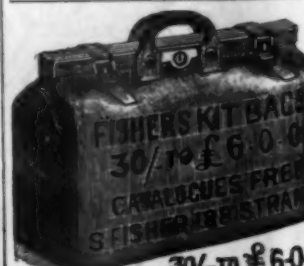
MANUFACTURED BY THE  
**RICHMOND CAVENDISH  
Co., Ltd.,**

AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

And retailed by all first-class  
tobaccoists at home and abroad.

**DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.**

FOR ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEARTBURN,  
HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION.  
Sold throughout the World.



**FISHER'S KIT BAGE**  
30/10 6-0-0  
CATALOGUES FREE  
S.F. FISHER & SONS  
30/10 6-0-0





Mrs. Flowerly. "COME AND SIT DOWN, MOTHER DARLING. YOU MUST BE TIRED!"  
Little Master Percy. "YOU MAY HAVE MY CHAIR, G'AN'MA!"

## THE YELLS.

A SONG OF THE CITY OF UNLIMITED SHINDY.

(Containing a Moral for Lord Mayors, County Councillors, and others of the Powers that be.)

### I.

HEAR the Yahoos with their yells—  
Raucous yells!  
Of what a world of Bumbledom their  
blatant blaring tells!  
How they bellow, bellow, bellow,  
On the humid air of night!  
While each girl, in red and yellow,  
Shrieks and capers with her "fellow,"  
In sheer lunatic delight;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In their tramping through the slime,  
With coarse Cockney cachinnation, which  
unmusically swells  
From their Maenad-like emission of wild  
yells, yells, yells—  
The roaring, loud outpouring of mad yells!

### II.

HEAR the bellowing minstrel's yells—  
Brazen yells!—  
What a world of savagery their toneless  
tumult tells!  
Through the darkness or the light,  
How they ring out day and night!  
From the brazen, blatant notes,  
All out of tune!  
What a dismal ditty floats  
From the family with rough and loopy  
throats—  
Blessed boon!—  
Oh, from throtties like cracked bells,

What a gush cacophonous voluminosely  
wells!

How it swells!

How it dwells

On split top-notes! How it tells  
Of the asthma that impels  
To the gasping and the rasping  
Of the yells, yells, yells,  
Of the shrill, harsh, inharmonious, husky,  
yells, yells, yells,—  
Of the howling and the growling of the  
yells!

### III.

HEAR the clamorous coater yells—  
Strident yells!—  
What a tale of throats inflamed their tur-  
bulency tells!  
In our ears, by day and night,  
How they shriek to our affright!  
Too much scarified to speak,  
They can only shriek, shriek  
Out of tune,  
In a clamorous appeal to the attention of  
the buyer,  
In a mad expostulation with the heedless  
should-be buyer,  
Rising higher, higher, higher,  
With a desperate desire,  
And a resolute endeavour,  
Now—now to sell, or never,  
To the pale-faced throngs who moon!  
Oh, the yells, yells, yells!  
What a tale their chorus tells  
Of despair!  
How they rattle, rush, and roar!  
What a horror they outpour  
On the bosom of the moist malodorous air!  
Yet the ear it fully knows,

By the twanging  
And the slanging,  
How the custom ebbs and flows;  
Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
By the patter,  
And the clatter,  
How the bidding sinks and swells,  
By the sinking or the swelling in the  
shindy of the yells,  
Of those yells—  
Of the coarse, hoarse, blaring, tearing,  
croaking, clamorous coater  
yells,  
By the wrangling and the jangling of the  
yells!

### IV.

HEAR the yowling of the yells—  
Newsboy yells!  
What a world of eager heed their bellow-  
ing compels!  
In the gas-glare of the night,  
How we shiver with affright  
At the melancholy menace of their tone!  
For every sound that floats  
From those husky urchin throats  
Brings a groan,  
And the nippers—ah! those nippers—  
Those shrill shouters, those swift skippers,  
"On their own!"  
And who, howling, howling, howling,  
In that ear-tormenting tone,  
Scare the buffer homeward prowling  
O'er the slippery, slithery stone—  
They are neither man nor woman—  
They are simply subterhuman  
Gutter-ghouls:  
And each urchin yahoo yowls,  
As he howls, howls, howls,  
Howls,  
"Hextry-speshul!!!" And he yells,  
And his impish bosom swells  
With the rapture of his yells,  
Demon-dancing as he yells  
The last horror of the time  
In a sort of Runic chime.  
"Orl the winners, Sir!" he yells.  
How he yells!!!

Keeping briskly up to time  
With the latest "Orful crime!"  
Oh! the nuisance of those yells,  
London's everlasting knells!—  
'ARRY's, 'ARRIET's yahoo yells!—  
Guttersnipes in grit and grime!—  
Topsy cads and roystering swells!—  
Shrieking women smeared with slime!—  
Gutter-groveling, uttering yells!—  
Oh! those hideous London yells!  
Can't we check them? Is't not time  
To set limits to the yells,  
The awful, lawful, jawful, savage yells,  
yells, yells,  
Our barbarous, bestial, blatant, Babel  
Yells?

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.—MRS. TRACERAY RITCHIE says, "The literature of the lower Self is all the vogue just now." That dainty and delightful writer is right, and the name she gives it is an apt one. But is it very different from what used to be called "the literature of the Upper Shelf?" The main change seems to be that what were once known as "Gentlemen's Books" are now "written by ladies for ladies," and read openly by all. The new way, like the New Woman, who has opened it up, seems hardly an improvement on the old.

ISEN UP TO DATE.—According to the Humanitarian, the gloomy playwright ISEN describes Christiania as "the most immoral town in Europe." ISEN lives there, and he ought to know. Should he emigrate, would the morals of the Norwegian town be improved?

**ON THE HIGHWAY TO KHARTUM.**

["One of the objects for which we occupied Dongola was because it was on the highway to Khartum."—Lord Salisbury's Speech, January 19, 1897.]



### RATHER TOO MUCH.

*Lady (having just cannoned Stranger into brook). "Oh, I'm SO SORRY I BUMPED YOU! WOULD YOU MIND GOING IN AGAIN FOR MY HAT!"*

### PREPARING FOR WAR.

SCENE—Examination Room of Candidates for the Army.

PRESENT—Examiner and two Aspirants for selection.

*Examiner.* And now, gentlemen, I will just ask you a question or two about your physical training. Were you either or both or neither in the Volunteer Cadet Corps at your college?

*First Aspirant.* No, Sir, I did not care very much about drill.

*Second Asp.* Yes, Sir, I was advanced from private to corporal, and then from sergeant to lieutenant.

*Exam. (taking notes).* I see. How about shooting?

*First Asp.* Never tried, Sir. Fact is, not exactly in my line.

*Second Asp.* I have won a heap of prizes at Bisley, and made the highest possible frequently.

*Exam. (as before).* I see. Done anything in football or cricket?

*First Asp.* No, Sir. I prefer study to that sort of thing.

*Second Asp.* Captain of the fifteen and the eleven when I was at school.

*Exam. (same business).* I see. And now how about swimming and horsemanship?

*First Asp.* Again, Sir, I am rather out of it. But dare say I could manage both if I tried.

*Second Asp.* Hold the Albert Medal, Sir, for saving the life of a little chap who tumbled overboard mid Channel, and was accustomed to horses long before I got into Eton jackets.

*Exam. (as before).* Yes. And about athletics, generally?

*First Asp.* Rather weak in them, I am afraid, Sir. Doctor has passed me, but I am careful of my health.

*Second Asp.* Haven't got that excuse, Sir. I am as hard as nails, weigh twelve stone, and thoroughly enjoy a fifteen miles' jaunt before breakfast.

*Exam. (closing note-book).* I see. Well, No. 2 has come out very well, but as No. 1 has answered three dates more than his competitor, and, as there is only one vacancy, I fear I must pass him and refuse the other.

*First Asp.* Thank you, Sir. I'm greatly obliged to you.

*Second Asp.* Well, I'm blowed—or rather would be if I weren't in such prime condition!

*[Scene closes in upon the Future of the British Army.]*

### SHOTS AT SCIENCE.

*(Page from the Diary of a Literary Explorer.)*

["Mr. F. C. SELOUS, in his speech at the Sports Club, insisted that big game shooting was a benefit to civilisation."—*Daily Paper.*]

*Monday.*—Really must get my lecture upon "The Planetary System" into shape. Promised to deliver it to the Currypowder Islanders before the end of the week. Let me see, "The system consists of Venus, Mars—" Stopped at this moment by the appearance of a tiger.

*Tuesday.*—Got the tiger-skin all right. Ready to be sent home. Now for my lecture. Let me see, should say something explanatory as a prologue. Bother, interrupted again. This time by a pack of wolves.

*Wednesday.*—Wolves invisible. Lovely day. Now I will be quiet and get through my work. Simple enough; only have to write for the Currypowder Islanders. Let's see—here we are, "The system consists of Venus, Mars—" What was that? The trumpeting of a wild elephant. Well, I am prepared for him.

*Thursday.*—Awfully tired! Jumbo gave me a pretty dance! I really must get on with my lecture. "The system consists of Venus, Mars—" Again! Noise of rattlesnake! And there's a cobra! And yonder a python!

*Friday.*—Splendid sport, yesterday. But now as I have to deliver my lecture to-morrow, must really set to work. Wouldn't disappoint the Currypowder Islanders for millions. "The system consists of Venus, Mars—" As I live, a grisly!

*Saturday.*—Busy cutting up the bear's meat. Really excellent eating. But who's to help me to discuss— Why, as I live, there come the members of the Currypowder Islanders! And that reminds me that I promised to read them a paper on "The Planetary System." Too late now. They seem disappointed! Only thing to do—ask them up to dinner. . . . They have just finished, and are thanking me. I suggest that I would be willing to read them my paper on "The Planetary System"—as much as I have done of it. They reply that they believe the contents of it already. However, they would be pleased to have my MS. if I wrapped it round a bottle of whisky. Greatly gratified. Most successful meeting I have ever known.





SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. VI.

## ROUNDAABOUT READINGS.

(Mr. Robert Roundabout to his Sister-in-law.)

No. VII.—OF LETTERS—OF BREAKFASTS AND THEIR EATERS—OF A CHILDREN'S PARTY—OF JACK HORNER—OF THINKING.

MY DEAR LUCY,—JACK has been good enough to undertake to hand you this letter before he leaves you to-morrow on his return to Cambridge. I admit that this method of postage is not too safe, letters having the most fatal facility for clinging to coat pockets long after they should have been delivered. Still, sooner or later you will receive it, even if JACK, as will probably be the case, has to post it to you from Cambridge. I send JACK back to you, as I received him, in first-rate health, a much-improved shot and a most vigorous wielder of his knife and fork. Indeed I might have contented myself with invoicing him to you in the terms of trade, as for example thus:—Madam, in accordance with your obliging order, I have to-day despatched to your address, by rail, One Boy, containing, in addition to the usual articles, one large sole (fried), two mutton-cutlets, two sausages on mashed potatoes, two poached eggs, toast, butter, marmalade, and two breakfast-cups of best Chinese tea. I trust the parcel will arrive in good condition and give satisfaction. Hoping to be favoured with a continuance of your esteemed commands, I beg to remain, Madam, your obedient servant, &c., &c. This, my dear LUCY, is no exaggeration. I am telling you the plain and simple truth about your astonishing boy's breakfast this morning. Your own experience will convince you of my veracity. Oh, happy time of boyhood, *dura puerorum itia* (JACK will construe), how far off appear the days when I too thought nothing of such a breakfast, nay, when I could top up with deep draughts of beer from the mighty three-handled

tankard that circulated from hand to hand after our undergraduate feasts. I don't know how it is, but it is a fact that men of my age lose the tremendous gusto for breakfasts that inspires the young to these feats. We dally with a kipper or toy with a boiled egg, and are glad to get the meal over in a dyspeptic hurry while the youngsters are still engaged on the second of the four or five courses into which they divide it.

It was very good of you to lend me the boy for a few days, and I can assure you I enjoyed his visit very much. He's a fine, manly, straightforward lad, fresh, breezy, and unaffected, and, as for looks, he is just the counterpart of what his dear father was in the old days, not an Apollo, but something far better, an open-faced, clean-complexioned, bright-eyed, and crisp-haired English youth. And they all liked him. Old CARRUTHERS, who, as you know, was once in the ministry, and still retains that air of portentous mystery which goes with the possession of *secrets de Polichinelle*, even he relaxed under JACK's influence, and was good enough to smile at some of the boy's undergraduate stories, and to flavour them afterwards with some reminiscences of his own days at Cambridge. Nor was JACK inattentive to the fair. Miss CARRUTHERS—she's a pretty little touzled fair girl, with an attractive *moue*—has no reason to complain of the way in which JACK helped her over various fences when she came out with the other ladies to the shooting lunch, or of his readiness to turn over the leaves of the drawing-room ballads with which she softened our manners nor allowed them to be savage after dinner. In a word, he's a good boy, and though your gentle mind hates the idea of killing, I must tell you that the way in which he pulled down some of my tallest pheasants in Parson's Grove left nothing to be desired. Even the veteran CARRUTHERS, who has missed rocketers with glorious certainty through more than twenty seasons was good enough to say that if JACK went on like that he would make a shot—in time, and approbation from CARRUTHERS is praise indeed. And the boy was just as good, and played his little part with the same simple good nature all through. We all went to a pretty children's party at the HARDYS', not far from here. They had secured him for one of the tableaux—"Cinderella and the Prince"—and I can assure you he made a most excellent Prince, and showed a princely grace in his kneeling position at the fair *Cinderella's* feet. And when the children came on and acted their fairy-stories, finally dancing round JACK, who was robed in a huge fur coat and beard to represent a captured giant, the applause and enthusiasm were deafening. But the hero of the performance was SEBASTIAN HARDY, aged three-and-a-half. To this promising actor the part of *Jack Horner* had been allotted, his duty being to dance gaily on to the stage holding a dish in his hand, to put in his diminutive thumb, to pull out an imaginary plum and devour it with the self-appreciative joy associated with his character. When his turn came, SEBASTIAN, who is but lately out of frocks and into shorts, danced on, but forgot the extraction of the plum. A second performance of the whole series having been called for by the audience, SEBASTIAN appeared again, and on this occasion went through the thumb and plum part with a conscientious gravity that moved us all to fits of laughter. This, however, offended the actor, for when he was brought round to the front of the house and placed in his mother's arms he complained loudly that "When I came on the first time and forgot my plum nobody laughed, but when I came on again and put in my thumb, just as uncle SYDNEY told me, everybody laughed." Afterwards, SEBASTIAN honoured me by sitting on my knee. The Sandman had strewn his little eyes with dust, but the boy had a fine spirit, and being determined to see the performance out would not yield to sleep.

So I told him I knew he wanted to think—that all grown-up people always thought at this particular hour, and he ought not to be an exception. "How shall I think?" he asked. "Close your eyes very tight," I said; "we always close our eyes when we think." Whereupon his eyelids dropped, and in half a minute the little fellow was asleep in my arms. I often wish I could think like that.

Good-bye, my dear LUCY, I hear the dog-cart coming up the drive for JACK, so I close this letter with all good wishes, and remain now, as always, Your affectionate brother, BOB.

## An Involuntary Truth.

Old Female (to Member of Anti-gambling League). Yes, Sir, I'm 'eartily one with you. It aint the 'urdles, or the 'edges, or the other hobstacles that I hobjects to, but, as my pore 'usband used to say, "It's the hun'appy 'asses wot breaks their backers."

ORNITHOLOGICAL.—It is stated that pigeons frequent the great London fish-market. Surely, therefore, its name ought to be changed to Cooing-and-Billings-gate.

## SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

A SCHEME has been laid before Mr. Punch for an agency which is evidently intended to operate in friendly rivalry with one referred to—we regret to say, in sadly unsympathetic terms—by the *Daily Chronicle*, and established to conduct "Smart Society" on "Night Tours through Whitechapel and Darkest London."

The Rival Undertaking is based on somewhat similar lines, as will be seen from the preliminary advertisement submitted to Mr. Punch, to which he has much pleasure in giving publicity in these columns:—

## THE WEST-END EXPLORATION AGENCY, LD.

Head Office, Second Floor Front, Three Colts Lane, Bethnal Green, E.C.  
Branch Agencies at Whitechapel, Poplar, Limehouse, &c.

This Association has been formed for the purpose of organising Night Tours through Belgravia and Lightest London, and thereby affording Members of the Industrial Classes an opportunity of exploring, under experienced guidance and in perfect safety, those parts of the West End to which access has been hitherto either impossible or attended by considerable risk.

On application to any of the agencies, and payment of a small fee per head, parties desiring to make the tour will be personally conducted by competent guides, specially selected for their knowledge of West End purloins, and their intimate acquaintance with members of the "Exposed Tenth."

Arrangements have been entered into whereby tourists will be enabled to penetrate to the inmost recesses of certain Pall Mall Clubs, the mere thresholds of which have never before been crossed by the most enterprising outsider, and it is confidently anticipated that the appalling spectacles which may be beheld during a brief inspection of such notorious haunts as the "Athenæum," "Reform," "Oxford and Cambridge," and "Brooks's" Clubs will surpass the most vivid and thrilling descriptions of Socialist Orators and Feminine Novelists!

Excursionists may, should they desire it, enter into conversations with various members of a population composed almost entirely of Habitual Ecclesiastics, Legislators, Officers of both Services, Casual and Professional *Littérateurs*, and Artists, who, if civilly interrogated, may be expected to furnish invaluable information as to their earnings, occupations, morals, and manner of life generally.

As a rule, the most irreclaimable aristocrats will be found perfectly tractable, provided they are given to understand that they are the subjects—not of idle curiosity, but—of genuine interest and sympathy. Some caution, however, should be observed in localities known to be frequented by Bishops, and it is distinctly unsafe to make advances to a Retired Admiral, unless with the sanction of the Conductor.

Flying visits will be paid to Smart Dinner Parties, from which the Tourist will carry away an ineffaceable impression of the Torpid Satiety that may almost be said to be the chronic condition of the Upper Classes.

Typical "Balls" and "Crushes" will be prominent features in each excursion, affording as they do Ghastly Examples of the terrible overcrowding, insufficient clothing, and imperfect ventilation, in which so many uncomplaining sufferers are compelled to pursue their sole means of enjoyment!

Facilities have been afforded for the inspection, during any time of the Day or Night, of the most Fashionable Hotels by Parties accompanied by a Conductor, who will be empowered to take them over the various Eating Rooms and Dormitories, whether occupied or otherwise.

Lady inhabitants of the East End wishing to see this neighbourhood can be conducted round during the day, and see their jaded and overworked sisters of the West End engaged in their unremitting toil of "driving," "calling," "leaving cards," "bazaar-holding," and other equally arduous and poorly-remunerated occupations.

Owing, however, to the condition of some of the chief West End thoroughfares, under no circumstances can Ladies be permitted to join the Night Tours.

Male East Enders, if suitably attired (rabbit-skin caps and "pearlies" must not be worn), need apprehend no danger at any time, provided they remain close to their conductor, and follow his advice in all emergencies.

In conclusion, the Organisers venture to express their sanguine expectation that these Tours will prove not only popular, but of inestimable benefit to the community at large, tending, as they must, to promote mutual goodwill by encouraging closer intercourse between the Masses and the Classes, and enabling the most thoughtless Son of Toil to realise for himself the depressing monotony and triviality of the existence to which Fashion's merciless decree condemns her countless thousands of White Slaves! And so says Mr. Punch.



## THERE ARE WAYS OF PUTTING THINGS.

Assistant Milliner. "I SHOULD CERTAINLY ADVISE THE YELLOW TRIMMING, MADAM. I ALWAYS RECOMMEND YELLOW FOR A—BRUNETTE!"

## THE HAWARDEN CAMPAIGN.

A CORRESPONDENT forwards to us the following news clipping. He unfortunately forgets to mention the paper from which it is taken, but, judging from internal evidence, we are inclined to the opinion that it is the *War Cry*:—

## THE CAPTURE OF HAWARDEN

is by this time matter of history. Everyone knows how the General approached the Castle single-handed, and how, after a short but brilliant attack, he forced the garrison to capitulate. But how complete the victory was, comparatively few have realised. Not a single newspaper, so far as we are aware, has taken any notice of the fact that, before the General left the field,

## MR. GLADSTONE WAS GAZETTED CORPORAL.

Since then, all has been activity at Hawarden. The Castle has been turned into barracks, and the library into a doss-house. The Corporal is indefatigable. He is already known as "Hot and Strong WILLIAM." He is saving souls by the thousand, and recruits are pouring in so fast that twenty orderlies are busy night and day taking down their names. On Sunday last

## A GRAND PARADE

was held on the lawn, when the Corporal for the first time wore his uniform. It would be madness to attempt to describe the enthusiasm of the meeting. Never was such singing heard as when the Corporal led off the Army, marching backwards, and beating time with both hands. But the climax was reached when the hymn was ended, and the Corporal called a halt. "Attention!" he cried, in his well-known silvery voice, which rang clear and distinct to the uttermost rank of that huge armament. "Now then, are you ready?"

## PREPARE TO RECEIVE—SALVATION!

In an instant the air was darkened with caps and bonnets. Thirty thousand voices cheered; thirty thousand "Hallelujahs!" rent the welkin. In a scene of unparalleled excitement,

"HOT AND STRONG WILLIAM" LAID ON THE SULPHUR AND BRIMSTONE!

Every soul was saved. Satan has no chance against the Corporal. The Hawarden campaign is simply

A SERIES OF BRILLIANT VICTORIES.



## A MODEST REQUEST.

*Effie.* "DADDY, I'VE HURTED MY FINGER!" (*No answer.*) (*Crescendo.*) "DADDY, I'VE HURTED MY FINGER!!!" (*No answer.*) (*Fortissimo.*) "DADDY, I'VE HURTED MY FINGER!!!" (*No answer.*) (*Reproachfully.*) "DADDY, YOU MIGHT SAY 'OH'!"

## THE SHEPHERD'S SOLILOQUY.

## A POLITICAL PASTORAL.

ARGUMENT.—Menalcas, after the first pastoral contest of the year, museth, not without misgiving, on the show made by his "ragged sheep," as compared with the woolly flocks of Dametas.

I HAVE heard of the "Shepherd of Salisbury plain,"—  
The title just now seems a trifle suggestive!—  
But I, Malwood's Shepherd, had counted on gain  
From a flock which seems proving a little bit restive.  
That Salisbury Dametas will mock at my plight,  
And swear that my song is the merest stale crambo;  
While Palamon will settle our contest at sight,  
And give him the prize, though we're *Arcades Ambo!*  
My "smart strokes of rustical rillery" \* tell,  
Ah! more than they did in Virgilian Pastoral.  
But as to my sheep—well, they scarce do as well  
As those of Dametas, of which he seems master all.  
Mine make lots of "cry," but for "wool"—well, I fear  
That "my jolly sheep" find the ground "false" and  
"shifty";  
With "bones barely covered" when time comes to shear,  
Of yield to my scissors methinks they'll prove thrifty.  
I did deem that hopeful Hibernian lamb  
Would prove pretty woolly. Perhaps it may—later:  
The Armenian ewe and the Soudanese ram.  
Don't seem to come on, and my grief is the greater.  
Dametas is smiling. He hints, with that grin,  
I'd best "shear my swine," like a *Mævius*. Confound him!  
He is so sardonic! My flock does look thin.  
How unlike the folded one gathered around him!  
*Baa! Baa!* Yes, you're beggars at bleating, you are.  
Much cry, little wool! Primrose-Pollio will chortle.  
He's waiting the rise of the right Shepherd's star,  
Afraid from the haunts where we hustle and hurtle.

\* VIROIL'S Third Pastoral or Palamon.

Dalmeney or Malwood? Our quarrel, our split,  
Dametas declares we to mutual folly owe.  
Well, well, I don't mean that my skill and my wit  
Shall serve but for gracing the triumph of—*POLLIO!*  
*Baa! Baa!* Well, I'll fold you again for the time,  
But your pastoral promise is not very cheering.  
I do hope you'll plump up and be woolly and prime,  
And not prove all cry when the time comes for shearing!

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ONE of my Baronites writes:—"I have just been reading *Many Cargoes*, by Mr. W. W. JACOBS, which has made me laugh much and often. It is a collection of short stories, reprinted from various periodicals, and dealing with men that go down to the sea in ships of moderate tonnage; stories told with such fresh and unforced fun that their drollery is perfectly irresistible. It is by no means safe to assume that what has struck oneself as delightfully humorous will seem equally so to others, but, bearing that fully in mind, I find it hard to conceive anyone with any sense of the ludicrous at all reading 'In Borrowed Plumes,' 'Low Water,' 'The Rival Beauties,' or, 'A Harbour of Refuge,' for example, and preserving his gravity unimpaired. I have never heard of Mr. W. W. JACOBS before, and, for anything I know, this may be his first literary voyage, but I can only say that the sooner he puts to sea again and brings back more cargoes of the same goods, the better I shall be pleased." THE BARON.

## Signs of a Slump.

"OVERTAXED Ireland means the Union's doom,"  
Cried late "United Ireland," much elated.  
But now some think that, as a Party boom,  
Overtaxation has been—over-rated!

THREE PER CENT-INBEL.—The Bank of England guard.





**"THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR."**

MASTER H-RO-RT. "I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO TACKLE HIM?"

MASTER S-ND-RS-N. "AH! I DID THINK OF IT—BUT IF I WERE TO HIT HIM AND HURT HIM, I WOULD NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF!"

[“Although the Irish Unionists were prepared for an exhaustive discussion on Irish overtaxation, they hesitated to vote against the Government.”  
*Daily Paper.*]





### "NO FORRADER!"

*Squirrel Harcourt. "DULL WORK! SO MONOTONOUS! WISH I WERE ROSEBERRY!"*

### "FORGIVE AND FORGET."

*(Recollections of an Argument.)*

"FORGIVE" comes first. Perhaps in time "Forget" may follow after—  
(I urge no duty in my rhyme,  
To excite irreverent laughter).  
The mind and heart are things apart,  
The heart forgives a debt,  
The mind remembers. Then forgive,  
Although you mayn't forget!

I really wish that you were not  
To this assertion driven,  
That injuries only when forgot  
Can truly be forgiven!  
An act unkind still borne in mind  
Is unforgiven yet,  
You say—and so you can't forgive,  
Because you can't forget!

Forget, forgive—you make them one,  
Or quite misplace the latter,  
And yet, when all is said and done,  
Our difference need not matter.  
Should quarrel be 'twixt you and me,  
Our heart and mind we'll set,  
My heart—most freely to forgive,  
Your mind—to clean forget!

LATEST FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.—The SULTAN declares that he cannot touch the European concert pitch without being defiled.

### A VERY PRETTY DANCE.

DEAR OLD PUNCH,—Just before I start for old BIRCH, who has told my parents that he will be "glad to see his young friends" this afternoon as ever is, just let me give you a suggestion. When I get back to my beastly school, there won't be much chance for me to write to any old friend like you. There will be the regulation note to the Pater, when it isn't addressed to the Mater. And we can't say much in that.

What I want to tell you is that we have had a very good time of it these holidays. My brother and I have been to heaps of dances, and wherever we have gone, we have found "*The Washington Post*." Do you know how to dance it? We do. You take hold of a girl by both hands, try a double shuffle, and then slide off to another part of the room and repeat the performance. It's great fun, and far better than the Barn Dance. It knocks Sir Roger de Coverley into fits.

This is what I suggest—and BROWN MAJOR says it would be first-rate—add to the double shuffle a Highland fling and the old hop waltz, and the dance would be twice as jolly. Then when you were standing out, you might keep up the fun by jumping about in time to the music until you were ready to begin again. If that wouldn't bring down the house (as they say at the theatres), I don't know what would. And now, dear old Punch, I must

dry up, as I'm off to BIRCH's. Tips amount to three pounds, seventeen shillings, and four pence. Not so bad in these hard times. Eh, old man?

Yours, signing himself affectionately,  
In the Hall, JONES MINOR.  
Waiting for the Cab. Black Monday.

### SPORTIVE SONGS.

*An old and not yet extinguished Admirer writes to a former Flame on the recurrence of her Natal Day.*

I'm writing to you, love, by night.  
The house is hushed, the gas turned out,  
My candle's solitary light  
Proclaims the darkness it would flout.  
The fire with ill-conditioned heat  
Has just demanded copious coal;  
I've got a feeling in my feet  
That tells my slippers' want of sole!  
And yet I write, because I know  
To-morrow will your birthday be.  
In memory of long ago  
You will expect a line from me!  
A little scrawl to bid you wealth,  
And health, and happiness, and joy,  
The wishes that we made by stealth  
When you were girl and I was boy!  
I wish them! Are you satisfied  
To find I still am true in heart,  
Or mourn the vow you once denied  
In order we might ever part?  
No matter! Still I picture you  
An angel in a village church;  
Your eyes and bonnet both were blue,  
And left confession in the lurch!  
Yes! there demure and even prim,  
You drove my mind to earthly things,  
Yet, as I've said, an angel slim,  
You only needed little wings.  
And so to-day again I went  
To that same church where first we met.  
Ah! then I knew the Love you lent,  
But gave it with the curse Regret!  
Days upon days, and years on years,  
Have swiftly come and slowly gone!  
We travel through the Vale of Tears  
Wide separated and alone!  
But still, whatever be our fate,  
I yearly wander to the shrine  
Where once—I need not give the date—  
I knew your prayers were wholly mine!  
And so to-night accept this leaf  
Culled from the pocket-book of Time,  
Who may not play the part of thief  
In this our lifelong pantomime.  
I climbed the Mountains of the Moon,  
And fell.—Why should I thus repine?  
I am a grey-haired Pantaloon  
But you are still a Columbine!

### EXPECTED ADDRESSES.

THE rule relating to post cards, "the address only to be written on this side," is abolished. It is probable that the letter sorters will now be compelled to decipher such addresses as the following:—

Miss JONES, Muddy-in-the-Marsh,  
Love to Granny, Essex.  
Mrs. SMITH, 22A, George Street,  
ADOLPHUS sailed yesterday for  
Australia, W.

Army and Navy Stores,  
The number is 45266798 Westminster.  
Also a pound of sausages, S.W.

With lots of kisses to my own  
darling Miss HOPKINS,  
Laburnum Lodge, The Park,  
from your ever Brixton devoted  
BERTY BODGON.

P.S. the football match begins at 4 past  
2. Master TOMKINS don't be  
late Dr. CANE's school, birchington.





## A SUGGESTION.

(For Frozen-out Foxhunters and their Idle Studs, if the Winter is setting in now.)

## THE CENTENARY OF THE TOP-HAT.

Introduced at the beginning of January, 1797.

(Some Suggestions for its Celebration.)

Its instant and universal discontinuance.

The erection of a statue of the inventor in every market town of the United Kingdom, wearing a topper, in white marble. This will serve as an object lesson in in-artistic incongruity for future generations.

A general distribution of existing specimens of this headgear among necessitous and deserving scarecrows throughout the country.

A grand parade and march past of guys, attired with the surplus stock of silk hats now lying in London warehouses.

A short Act to be passed through Parliament at an early date this Session, consigning the manufacturers to Hanwell, in accordance with the popular opinion expressed in the phrase, "As mad as a hatter."

Football players, like the cricketers of fifty years ago, to wear it on all possible occasions, viz., before, during, and after a match. The Rugby game, with one continuous "scrum," to be encouraged with this object, but Association players may be permitted to substitute a topper, or succession of toppers (preferably obtained from the onlookers), in lieu of the ordinary leather football. A "free kick" to be given to any person objecting.

Its compulsory adoption by "gutter-snipes," bicyclists, bargees, freshmen (when wearing their gowns), burglars (on and off duty), port-admirals, commanders-in-chief, tennis-players, telegraph-boys, heralds, Kings-at-arms, beef-eaters, Highlanders, sea-cooks and their eldest sons in the male line, tide-waiters, mudlarks, Lord

Mayors in their pride, bishops in full canonicals, hangmen in full swing, freemasons in full fig, 'Arries in full force on a Derby day, Tommy Atkins in full war-paint, the horse-marines in full charge, and by other inappropriate classes of the community. Its simultaneous use by such conspicuous individuals as the foregoing will thus prove equally surprising and ridiculous, and should result in its speedy disappearance.

A Centennial Ode in its honour, with a prize of one hundred guineas, to be competed for by the praiseworthy gentlemen who versify for So-and-so's pills or for Thingamy's soap. The winning composition to be printed on the leader page of every daily paper (not among the advertisements). This should have a similar effect to the previous suggestion.

The prompt elevation of every Member of Parliament who sits on his own, or, better, another Member's hat, to "another place." Quite a respectable number of stove-pipes (not "wind-bags") can thus be daily sat upon, and snuffed out and extinguished.

A poll-tax on members of the Stock Exchange, undertakers, coachmen, "Johnnies," and other persons who would die rather than be seen without a topper.

The general imitation of the Christ's Hospital head-dress, since no satisfactory covering appears to be before the public.

The abolition of the custom of raising the hat to ladies, which is ruination to the brim.

The abolition of 'busses, which are responsible for the "bashing" of the vast majority of "cylinders."

The abolition of weddings, where they are *de rigueur*; ditto of Church Parade and Piccadilly.

The abolition of the English climate, so destructive of the silk integument.

The abolition of artists, who, as is generally the case, come a cropper when attempting to draw its difficult curves.

Or, lastly, and best of all, the universal introduction of the most becoming, serviceable and comfortable form of head-gear, to wit, *Mr. Punch's cap*, with stripes and turned-up brim, and, like the great Panjandrum, with the little button on top. Ladies may adopt *Toby's hat* and feather. So mote it be.

## GO, JINGO, GO!

(A Jinglydoby Lay up-to-date.)

"My belief is that a well-working arbitration system would be an invaluable bulwark to defend the Minister from the Jingo."—*Lord Salisbury*.

"Gengulphus, or, as he is usually styled in this country, 'Jingo,' was perhaps more in the mouths of the 'general' than any other saint, on occasions of adjuration."—*Ingoldsby*.

EARL BRACKEN hadde a sainte, olde style,  
And hys name it was Sainte Jynge.  
J wythe a Y, Y wythe an N,  
N wythe a G, G wythe an O,  
They called him, then, Sainte Jynge!

LORDE SOLLIE sayd, "Olde saintes doe fail,  
They are notte real stingo!  
I looke to Ar-bi-tra-tion  
To save us from Sainte Jynge!"

Nowe is notte this a prettie shifte  
In diplomatic lingo?  
J wythe a Y, Y wythe an N,  
N with G O is nowe no GO!  
Good-bye, poore olde Sainte Jynge!

A CURIOUS LANDSCAPE FEATURE OBSERVABLE AT MONTE CARLO IN THE EARLY SPRING.—Blue Rocks.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Tuesday, Jan. 19.*—In accordance with formal notice and ordered usage, Parliament met to-day for the third Session of the fourteenth Parliament of the QUEEN. Actually, Session opened last night at Devonshire House, where the Duchess was "at home." Earlier there were the Ministerial dinners. On the other side of the hedge Spencer House, which will conveniently hold the full muster of Liberal Peers, was hospitably open, whilst the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD entertained his colleagues of the Commons in the dining-room on Richmond Terrace, where last year, according to his cheerful custom, Lord ONSLOW, *le vrai Amphitryon*, gave his Tuesday dinners. All the Ministers, and some ex-Ministers, met later at Devonshire House, adding to the brilliancy of the throng the distinction of their uniforms.

"Reminds me," says SARK, looking round the room, his eye glowing as it fell on the warlike figures of JAMES COLLINGS and POWELL WILLIAMS with swords girt at their slim waists and suspicion of horse-pistols in their coat-tail pockets, "of another famous gathering under the hospitable wing of an earlier but not more charming Duchess. It was at Brussels, you know, one night in June eighty-one years ago. Wonder whether we shall have Waterloo to follow?"

Plenty of good stories going round, echoes from the several dinner tables. The best is coupled with the name of Lord RATHMORE, even yet better known as our dear DAVID PLUNKET of the Commons, whose appropriation by the House of Lords did more than anything since they threw out the Compensation for Disturbance Bill to aggravate the other House. RATHMORE, though in full dress like the rest of the Premier's guests, didn't wear his sword. Many genial inquiries why.

"Oh!" said the BURLEIGH BALFOUR, "in the present overtaxed condition of Ireland, he feels he cannot afford the luxury of a sword."

"Do you mean to imply," said RATHMORE, "that I have temporarily deposited the weapon with my Financial Relation?"

That was last night. But ancient usage must be observed. It demands formal opening of Parliament, with Lords Commissioners on Woolsack before Throne, a Queen's speech read, mover and seconder sporting their uniforms, the Leaders from either side of the table crossing swords above it. All this duly took place to-day in more than ordinary humdrum fashion.

Only for JEMMY LOWTHER, scene and proceedings would have been hopelessly flat. Man and boy, with few intermissions arbitrarily enforced by ungrateful constituents, JEMMY has for thirty-two years sat and listened on opening days of revolving Session to recitation of ancient sessional orders coming down from Cromwellian ages. No one says "Aye" or "No" when question is put from Chair that these be re-affirmed. Nobody listens. If by chance SPEAKER forgot the formula, few would notice. To-day slumber of thirty-five years broken. On JEMMY LOWTHER's quickened ear strikes voice of SPEAKER submitting rule prohibiting Peers from interfering in Parliamentary elections. They do so overtly and covertly, and if it please them, what can the House of Commons do to stop them? Nothing. Then why this solemn farce?



THE PARLIAMENTARY (CRIMINAL) BAR!

Constable R-ch-rd W-h-t-r A.I. "Well, gents, You 're a breakin' o' the law as 'ard as ever you can go, and you want a haet o' Parliament to put you right! Thank you, gents; 'ere's your very good 'ealths and a 'Appy New Year!'"

JEMMY first puts question to himself; then, in gravest manner, with that judicial air that at critical epoch saved the Jockey Club, submits it to conscience of awakened House. He even takes a division, and though overwhelmed by numbers, knows he is right, and that right will prevail.

"Don't know how it is," said J. G. TALBOT, brushing away a consecrated tear, "but when I listened to JEMMY LOWTHER just now, and saw TOMMY BOWLES rally to his side to lead the forlorn hope into the lobby, I recalled the last scene by a Smithfield fire. You remember how, when the executioners placed a live faggot at RIDLEY's feet bound to the stake, LATIMER said, 'Be of good comfort, Master BOWLES—I mean Master RIDLEY—and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle in England as I trust shall never be put out.' So JEMMY to TOMMY. They are over-

come to-day. But another House of Commons anachronism is doomed. They have this day lit a candle that will burn up these dust-dried sessional orders."

*Business done.*—Session opened.

*Thursday.*—Things have come to pretty pass with the mother of Parliaments. It appears that for more than half a century House of Commons been nothing less than an unlicensed public-house! WILFRID LAWSON long suspected it. To-night his fears publicly confirmed upon no less authority than that of ATTORNEY-GENERAL. That learned man says short Act must be brought in to put matters right.

That all very well, but what are we to do in the meantime? and what about the innumerable breaches of the law in the past? Suppose Act of indemnity may be passed. But with legislative machine already overloaded, weeks, perhaps months, must



J. J. J. "Now then, you 'old dummy, we 've had enough of you!"

elapse before it's added to Statute Book. Any night we are liable to a raid of police, and may find ourselves taking part in a morning sitting in Westminster Police Court.

Incident quite demoralised House on eve of Session. The Peers have meanly evaded their share of responsibility by putting up the shutters, and going off home for a week. This is under pretence that they have no work to do, "and," says the MARKISS, "I do not know that any support is given to the constitution by our coming here without business." Having nothing to do is the normal condition of the Lords through the greater part of the average Session. What they really mean by this movement is to stand off and see what line the police will take. If they follow the ordinary course in similar circumstances, and swoop down on premises where liquor is sold without a license, at least they shall pick up no prizes in the persons of Peers of the Realm.

In the Commons, the attendance is very small: probably same motive that moves the Peers operates in individual cases. An Irish debate on, but quite impossible to get up any excitement. Members come and go, entering the House timidly, retiring stealthily, startled at shadow of the familiar policeman in the lobby. The demoralisation may only prove temporary. It is certainly complete. The worst that could happen would be better than this haunting, harassing dread.

**Business done.**—Debate on the Address. **Friday.**—Hardly anything been seen since Session opened of JOHN O' GORST, time-honoured Educationalist. Ha, I am told, though I haven't seen him, looked in for a few moments. Certainly has not shown ungovernable disposition to comfort by his companionship his colleagues on Treasury Bench.

Fresh effort being made by Government to pass Education Bill. Reasonable to suppose that the Education Minister would, as last year, have charge of it.

"Instead of which," PRINCE ARTHUR takes it in hand, and JOHN O' GORST has no more to do than if he were a Peer.

"Have you any idea where GORST is?" I asked PRINCE ARTHUR, meeting him in the corridor just now.

"Yes," he said, with a smile childlike and more than usually bland. "I fancy he's at home, drawing up amendments to my Education Bill."

This was early in sitting. Later the childlike smile was chased away, scorched under the Jove-like frown. The summer sky swept by angry blast. Never saw PRINCE ARTHUR in such tantrums; and it was all HENRY HOWORTH.

Who but must laugh if such a man there be;  
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

Yes, it was ATTICUS of Printing House Square—ATTICUS, at whose feet the nations are wont to sit when he is pleased to instruct them in the correspondence columns of the *Times*; ATTICUS, confounded by the certainly singular coincidence of serious indisposition amongst dynamitards closely corresponding with access of Conservatives to office and introduction of Irish Land Bill, a sudden epidemic that made their release by HOME SECRETARY imperative.

ATTICUS was as philosophical in his reflections, as courteous in his speech, as benevolent in his bearing as his prototype ADDISON. Effect on PRINCE ARTHUR all the more vitriolic. It was a fine display of fiery indignation; of splendid outburst of declamation. But, as SARK says, it really had nothing to do with the gravamen of HENRY HOWORTH's charge.

**Business done.**—Close of first week on the Address.

**CURIOUS FACT.**—The person best acquainted with the power of water is a fireman.

**ILLUMINATION NOT POPULAR IN GERMANY.**—Tausch light.

## THE VERY LAST OF THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

A ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE.

THE tempest was at its worst. The waves ran mountains high, and the wind shrieked through the rigging. The Premier was prostrate in his state cabin. But, in spite of all this, a mysterious stranger stood beside him holding a document for which he requested his signature. "Never," murmured the minister, feebly. "Never!"

"But see, the weather gets more terrible with every moment. Sign this, and I will warrant that you will never again have so sad an experience."

"I will not sign," continued the Premier, feebly. "Do you not observe that I have not strength to do so."

"But I will guide your fingers," said the tempter, eagerly. "Consider the great advantage of a painless journey. Consider the brilliant advocacy the scheme has received at the hands of GLADSTONE, CORDEN, and many others."

"But I must protect my country from invasion," gasped out the suffering statesman. "I must be worthy of my race—my reputation."

At this moment the continually stricken vessel lurched, which caused a mournful moan from the wretched servant of the State.

"Sign! sign! sign!" commanded the evil genius once more, proffering the fatal pen.

"Spare me!" came from the couch. "Even the merciless and mercenary ticket-collector, seeing my hapless condition, has had pity upon me."

"I have more at stake than the ticket-collector," retorted the oppressor; "I have the future of the peoples of England and France to take into consideration. I have my own personal prospects to advance."

"But coal has been discovered in the Channel," argued the Premier, in a feeble tone. "Even should the tunnel be never constructed, there will be ample fuel to be wrested from the ocean. This in itself will make the shareholders wealthy."

But the tempter was obdurate. He again pressed the pen upon the stricken one.

"Here you have the pen between your fingers. Sign!"

The request came too late—the statesman had fainted!

"An excellent likeness!" exclaimed the Mayor of Dover, as he removed the covering from the statue, two years later. "He never got over that passage—he sacrificed his life to his duty."

And, amidst every mark of respect, a new monument was added to the already teeming attractions of the Cinque Ports. It had on it an inscription that concluded with the words, "and he saved his country from invasion by submitting to the terrors of the Channel Passage."

### Perverted Proverb.

"A FRIEND in need, a friend indeed,"  
No doubt sounds very fine.  
A friend in need a friend indeed!  
No friend is he of mine.

THE CYNIC.

OUR OWN Idiot declares that, *à propos* of auto-cars, he cannot make another *jeu de mot* or pun.

NOTE BY A HARROW BOY.—Masters who are always down on cribs invariably provide the hardest beds for their boarders.



# JOSEPH GILLOTT'S PENS

Gold Medals,  
Paris, 1878:  
1889.

Of Highest Quality; and having Greatest Durability, are therefore  
THE APEST.  
Numbers for sale by HANKINS—Bartlett & Co., 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

A LAXATIVE, REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE, VERY AGREEABLE TO TAKE.

## TAMAR CONSTIPATION, INDIEN GRILLON.

Hæmorrhoids, Bile, Loss  
of Appetite, Gastric and  
Intestinal Troubles,  
Headache.

London: 47, Southwark Street, S.E.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, 2s. 6d. 4 BOX.

Martell's

"Three Star"

Brandy.

"From the North-covered mountains of  
Scotland come."

## DEWAR'S Choice Old WHISKY.

THE "SCOTSMAN  
BLEND."

A combination of the  
finest Whiskies made in  
the Highlands of Scot-  
land, thoroughly ma-  
tured in wood after  
sherry, for family use.

Years Old. Per Doz.  
6 ... 39/-  
10 ... 45/-  
15 ... 51/-

Sent free to any part  
of the Kingdom on re-  
ceipt of remittance for  
amount.

J. H. DEWAR,  
67, Roper St., Glasgow, W.



## EPPS'S CRATEFUL—COMFORTING COCOA

## CIGARES DE JOY ASTHMA

CIGARES DE JOY (Joy's Cigarettes) afford  
immediate relief in cases of ASTHMA,  
BRONCHITIS, and CHRONIC BRONCHITIS.  
Appreciated by Physicians and smokers all  
over the world. Easy to use, certain in effect,  
and harmless in action, they are recommended  
for use by young and old. Chemists & Stores  
in Boxes of 25 at 2s. 6d., or post free from  
WILCOX & CO., 53, Mortimer St., London, W.

## SAVORY & MOORE'S INFANTS' FOOD

BEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL

"Loved of all ladies"—"Match 480," Act I, Sc. 1.  
UNEQUALLED for  
its WHOLENESS  
and CLEANLINESS.  
ADAMS'S  
FURNITURE  
POLISH  
Also for Broom Bores,  
Painted Ironwork, Varnishes  
and Enamelled Goods.  
THE OLDEST AND BEST.

# HIERATICA

NOTE PAPER, 5 Quires, 1s. Court Envelopes, 1s. per 100. Thin, for Foreign Correspondence,  
5 Quires, 1s. Mourning Note, 5 Quires, 1s. 6d. Mourning Envelopes, 1s. 6d. per 100.  
Of all Stationers, or send stamps to Hieratica Works, 68, Upper Thames Street, London.

"The New Coffee. Delicacies, and enjoyed by those who can take no other."

## Café Zylak

PEPTONISED MILK AND COFFEE.

A Doctor writes:—"As near perfection as one can desire."

In Tins, 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d.

Obtainable everywhere.

SAVORY & MOORE, London.

## POUDRE D'AMOUR

Prepared by Picard Frères,  
Parfumeurs.

A TOILET POWDER

FOR THE COMPLEXION,

For the Nursery,  
Roughness of the Skin.  
After Shaving, &c.

PURE AND HARMLESS.

BLANCHE, NATURELLE, RASÉE, &c.

OF PERFUMERS, CHEMISTS, &c.

Wholesale, H. HOFMEIER & SONS, Bond-  
Street, W., and City Road, E.C., London.

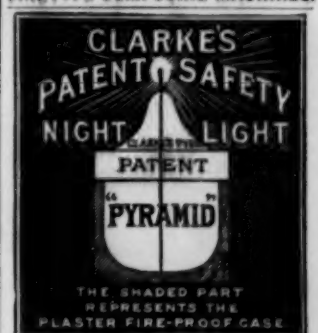


## POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANISEED.

For COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.  
Sold by Chemists throughout the world. No family  
should be without it. Paris, Bern, Roberts, Hong  
Kong, Singapore, Pharmacie Delacroix, Geneva, Dubel,  
Hottelard, Nantes, Kolff. Established 1840.

Prepared only by  
THOMAS POWELL, Blackfriars Road, London.

"PUNCH"  
is being set up every week by  
LINDTYPE COMPOSING MACHINES.



The Only Safe Night Light. Sold Everywhere.  
CLARK'S PYRAMID & FAIRY LIGHT CO., Ltd.,  
Cricklewood, London, N.W.



## "PIPE ALL HANDS" When you ask for PLAYER'S NAVY CUT



Sold only in 1-oz. Packets, and 2, 4, and 8-oz.  
and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in  
Fine Smoking Condition.  
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES  
In Packets containing 12, and Boxes containing 24, 56, and 100. Also supplied in a new  
size, viz., "MAGNUMS" packed in Pocket Tins containing 16, and in 50's and 100's.

*Cheapest for Beef Tea,  
Goes furthest in the Kitchen.*

# LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT.

*J. Liebig*

Always look for the **BLUE SIGNATURE**. There are many imitations which have not the same flavour and are not so carefully manufactured.

## DU BARRY'S REVALENTA FOOD

### Cures

All disorders of the Stomach and Bowels, the Blood, the Nerves, Lungs, Liver, Brain, Voice, and Breath—such as Constipation, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Consumption, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Influenza, Grippe, Acidity, Heartburn, Phlegm, Flatulency, Feverish Breath, Nervous, Bilious, Pulmonary, Glandular, Kidney and Liver Complaints, Debility, Cough, Asthma, all Fevers, Spasms, Impurities and Poverty of the Blood, Ague; Rheumatism, Gout; Nausea and Vomiting; Eruptions, Sleeplessness, Atrophy, Wasting in Adults and Children. 50 years' invariable success with old and young, even in the most hopeless cases.

100,000 annual cures.

**PRICES.**—DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA suitably packed for all climates. In Tins of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. at 2s.; 1 lb., 3s. 6d.; 2 lb., 6s.; 5 lb., 14s.; 12 lb., 32s.; 24 lb., 60s.; or about 3d. per meal. All Tins carriage free at home and in France. Also

DU BARRY'S TONIC REVALENTA BISCUITS ensure sleep and nervous energy to the most restless and enfeebled. In Tins, 1 lb., 3s. 6d.; 2 lb., 6s. DU BARRY AND CO. (Limited), 77, Regent Street, London, W.; 14, Rue de Castiglione, Paris; 60, Rue du Rhône, Geneva; and of all Grocers and Chemists in every part of the world.



Perfect Health for the skin, and a complexion creamy and delicate as the blush rose, attends the habitual use of Pears' Soap.

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 20, Loraine Road, Wollaway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 55, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1897.